

THE PORTAGE SENTINEL.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, NO. 2.

RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 476

THE PORTAGE SENTINEL.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
A. HART & R. E. CRAIG.
One year, payable in advance, \$1.50
One year, payable at the expiration of six months
and within the year, \$2.00
One year, payable at the expiration of six months
and within the year, \$2.50
If no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the option of the publisher.

POETRY.

THE TREE OF DEATH.

Let the king of the grave be asked to tell
The plant that he loveth best,
And it will not be the poppy tree,
Though 'tis over the churchyard guest;
He will not mark the hemlock dark,
Nor stay where the nightshade spreads;
He will not say 'tis the sombre yew,
Though it springs o'er skeleton heads;
He will not point to the willow branch,
Where breaking spirits grieve bitterly;
For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief,
And a fairer tree is the tree of death.

But where the green, rose stalks are seen,
Where ripe fruit gush and shine,
'Tis this, 'tis this, 'tis this tree for me—
The vine, the beautiful vine!
I crouch among the emerald leaves,
Gemmaed with the ruby grapes;
I dip my spirit in the poison here,
And he is strong that escapes.
Crows dance round with satyrs bound,
Till my life is lighted from its traitor shade;
When I see the vine, the tree of death,
I see the vine, the tree of death.

Oh! the glossy vine has a serpent charm,
It bears an unlovely fruit;
There is a taint about each tendrilled arm,
And a curse upon its root.
Isidore may flow to warm the brow,
And wildly lighten the eye;
But the phrenzied mirth of a cowering crew
Will make the vine more ghastly.

For the maniac laugh the trembling frame,
The idiot speech and tremulous breath,
The shattered mind, the blasted frame,
Are wrought by the vine, the tree of death.

Fill, fill the glass, and let it pass;
But, ye who quaff, oh think
That even the heart that loves most loathes
The lips that deeply drink.

The breast may mourn o'er a close link torn,
And the scalding drops may roll;
But 'tis better to mourn o'er a pulseless form
Than the wreck of a living soul.

Then a health to the homestead, the cyprus and yew,
The worm-holed grass, and the willow-branch;
For though shading the tomb, they fling not a gloom,
No dark as the vine, the tree of death.

HISTORY OF LIFE.

By BARRY CONWELL.
This record, within a certain room
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of death.
They closed. A child has seen the light
But for the lady, fair bright,
Who rested in undreaming night.

Spring came. The lady's grave was green,
And near it oftentimes was seen
A gentle boy, with bright smile on his face,
And a wail at last a lady's name.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won at last a lady's love.

And then he died! Behold before ye
Humility's brief sum and story,
Life, death, and all there is—Glory.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

John Randolph and Roanoke.

He died at Philadelphia in the summer of 1833—the scene of his early and brilliant apparition on the stage of public life, having commenced his parliamentary career in that city, under the first Mr. Adams, when Congress sat there, and when he was barely of an age to be admitted into the body. For more than thirty years he was the political meteor of Congress, blazing with undiminished splendor during the whole time, and often appearing as the "planetary plague" which shed, not war and pestilence on nations, but agony and fear on members. His sarcasm was keen, refined, withering—with a great tendency to indulge in it; but, as he believed, as a lawful parliamentary weapon to effect some desirable purpose. Pretension, meanness, nice demagoguery, were the frequent subjects of the exercise of his talent, and when confined to them, he was the benefactor of the house. Wit and genius were allowed him; sagacity was a quality of his mind visible to all observers—and which gave him an intuitive insight into the effect of measures. During the first six years of Mr. Jefferson's administration, he was the "Murat" of his party, brilliant in the charge, and always ready for it; and valued in the council, as well as in the field. He was long the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means—a place always of labor and responsibility, and more than now, when the elements of revenue were less abundant; and no man could have been placed in that situation during Mr. Jefferson's time whose known sagacity was not a pledge for the safety of his land in the most sudden and critical circumstances. He was one of those whom that eminent statesman habitually consulted during the period of their friendship, and to whom he carefully communicated his plans before they were given to the public. On his arrival at Washington at the opening of each session of Congress during this period he regularly found waiting for him at his established lodgings—then Crawford's, Georgetown—the card of Mr. Jefferson, with an invitation for dinner the next day; a dinner at which the leading measures of the ensuing session were the principal topic. Mr. Jefferson did not treat in that way a member in whose sagacity he had not confidence.

It is not just to judge such a man by ordinary rules, nor by detached and separate incidents of his life. To comprehend him he must be judged as a whole—physically and under many aspects, and for his entire life. He was never well—a chronic victim of ill health from the cradle to the grave. A letter from his most intimate and valued friend, Mr. Macon, written to me after his death, expressed the belief that he never enjoyed during life, one day of perfect health—such as well people enjoy. Such long life suffering must have its effect on the temper, and on the mind; and it had on his—bringing the temper

often to the querulous mood, and the state of his mind sometimes to the question of insanity; a question which became judicial after his death, when the validity of his will came to be contested. I had my opinion on the point, and gave it responsible, in a deposition duly taken to be read on the trial of the will; and in which a belief in his insanity, at several specified periods was fully expressed—with the reasons for the opinion. I had good opportunities of forming an opinion, living in the same house with him several years, having his confidence and at all hours of the day and night. It also on several occasions became my duty to study the question, with a view to govern my own conduct under critical circumstances. Twice he applied to me to carry challenges for him. It would have been inhuman to have gone out with a man not in his right mind, and critical to one's self, as any accident on the ground might compromise the second. My opinion was fixed, of occasional temporary aberrations of mind; and during such periods he would do and say strange things—but always in his own way—not only method, but genius in his fantasies; nothing to bespeak a bad heart but only exaltation and excitement. The most brilliant talk I ever heard from him came forth on such an occasion—a flow for hours, (at one time seven hours) copious with classic allusion—a perfect scattering of the diamonds of the mind. I heard a friend remark on one of these occasions, he has wasted intellectual jewelry enough here this evening to equip many speakers for great orations. I once sounded him on the delicate point of his own opinions of himself—of course when he had said something to permit an approach to such a subject. It was during his last visit to Washington, two winters before he died. It was in my room in the gloom of the evening light, as the day was going out and the lamps not lit—no present but ourselves—reclining on a sofa, silent and thoughtful, speaking but seldom, and I only in reply. I heard him repeat, as if to himself those lines from Johnson (which in fact I had often heard from him before) on "Senility and Imbecility," which shows us life under its most melancholy form:

"In life's last scenes what prodigies surprise,
From of the grave, and follow the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of deluge flow,
And Swift expires, a driver and a show!"

When he had read these lines, which he did with deep feeling, and in slow and measured cadence, I deemed it excusable to make a remark of a kind which I had never ventured on before, and said: "Mr. Randolph, I have several times heard you repeat these lines, as if they could have an application to yourself, while no person can have less reason to fear the fate of Swift." I said this to sound him, and to see what he thought of himself. His answer was, "I have lived in dread of insanity." That answer was the opening of a sealed book—revealed to me the source of much mental agony that I had seen him in danger of the fate of Swift, and from the same cause as judged by his latest and greatest biographer, Sir Walter Scott.

His parliamentary life was resplendent in talent—elevated in moral tone—always moving on the lofty line of honor and patriotism, and scorning everything mean and selfish. He was the indignant enemy of personal and plunder legislation, and the very scourge of intrigue and corruption. He revered an honest man in humble garb, and scorned the dishonest, though plated with gold. An opinion was propagated that he was fickle with friendships. Certainly, there were some capricious changes; but far more instances of steadfast adherence. His friendship with Mr. Macon was historic. Their names went together in life—live together in death—and are honored together, more by those who knew them best. With Mr. Teazewell, his friendship was still longer than that with Mr. Macon commencing in boyhood, and only ending with life. So with many others, and pre-eminently so of his neighbors and constituents—the people of his Congressional district—affectionate as faithful to him—electing him as they did, from boyhood to the grave. No one felt more for his friends, or was more solicitous and anxious by the side of the sick and dying bed.

Love of wine was attributed to him; and what was mental excitement was referred to deep potations. It was a great error; I never saw him affected by wine—not even to the slightest departure from the habitual and scrupulous decorum of his manners.

His temper was naturally gay and social, and so indulged when suffering of mind and body permitted. He was the charm of the dinner table, where his cheerful and sparkling wit delighted every ear, lit up every countenance, and detained every guest.

He was charitable, but chose to conceal the hand that ministered relief; I have often seen him send little children to give to the poor.

He was one of the large slaveholders of Virginia but disliked the institution, and when let alone, opposed its extension. Thus in 1803, when as chairman of the committee which reported upon the Indiana memorial for a temporary dispensation from the anti-slavery part of the ordinance of 1787, he puts the question upon a statesman's ground; and reports against it, in a brief and comprehensive argument.

"That the rapid population of the State of Indiana sufficiently evinces, in the opinion of your committee, that the labor of the slave is not necessary to promote the growth and settlement of colonies in that region. That this labor, demonstrably the dearest of any, can only be employed to advantage in the cultivation of products more valuable than any known in that quarter of the United States; and the committee deem it highly dangerous and inexpedient to impair a provision wisely calculated to promote the happiness and prosperity of the north-western country and to give strength and security to that extensive frontier. In the salutary operation of this sagacious and benevolent restraint, it is believed that the inhabitants of Indiana will, at no very distant day, find ample remuneration for a temporary privation of labor and emigration."

He was against slavery and by his will both manumitted and provided for the hundreds which he held. But he was against foreign interference with his rights, his feelings, or his duties; and never failed to resent and rebuke such interference. Thus he was one of the most zealous of the opposers of the proposed Missouri restriction; and even voted against the divisional line of "thirty-six thirty." In the House, when the term "slaveholders" was used, he would assume it, refer to it as a member, not in the parliamentary title of "my fellow slaveholder." And, in London, when the consignees of his tobacco, and the slave factors of his father, urged him to liberate his slave he quieted their intrusive philanthropy on the spot, by saying: "Yes, you buy and set free to the amount of money you have received from my father and his estate for these slaves, and I will set free an equal number."

In his youth and latter age he fought duels; in his middle life he was against them; and for a while he would neither give nor receive a challenge. He was under religious convictions to the contrary, but finally yielded (as he believed to an argument of his own) that a duel was a private war; no other redress for insults and injuries. That was his argument; but I thought his relapse came more from feeling than reason; and especially from the death of Decatur, to whom he was greatly attached, and whose duel with Barron long and greatly excited him. He had religious impressions, and a vein of piety which showed itself more in private than in external observances. He was habitual in his reverential regard for the divinity of our religion; and one of his beautiful expressions was, that "If woman had lost us paradise she had gained us heaven." The Bible and Shakespeare, were, in his latter years his constant companions—traveling with him on the road—remaining with him in the chamber. The last time I saw him (in the last visit to Washington, after his return from the Russian mission, and when he was in full view of death) I heard him read the chapter in the Revelations of the opening of the seals, with such power and beauty of voice and delivery, and depths of pathos, that I felt as if I had never heard the chapter read before. When he had got to the end of the opening of the sixth seal he stopped the reading, laid the book open at the place, on his breast, as he lay on his bed, and began a discourse upon the beauty and sublimity of the Scriptural writings, compared to which he considered all human compositions vain and empty. Going over the images presented by the opening of the seals, he averred that their divinity was in their sublimity—that no human power could take the same awe and terror, and sink ourselves into such nothingness in the presence of the "wrath of the Lamb"—that he wanted no proof of their divine origin but the sublime feelings which they inspired.

Stick to Some One Pursuit.

There cannot be a greater error than to be frequently changing one's business. If any man will look around and notice who have got rich and who have not, out of those he started in life with, he will find that the successful have generally stuck to some one pursuit.

Two lawyers, for example, begin to practice at the same time. One devotes his whole mind to his profession, lays in slowly a stock of legal learning, and waits patiently it may be for years, till he gains an opportunity to show his superiority. The other, tiring of such slow work, dashes into politics. Generally, at the end of twenty years, the latter will not be worth a penny, while the former will have a handsome practice, and count his tens of thousands in bank stock or mortgages.

Two clerks attain a majority simultaneously. One remains with his former employers, or at least in the same line of trade, at first on a small salary, then on a larger, until finally, if he is meritorious, he is taken into partnership. The other thinks it beneath him to fill a subordinate position, now that he has become a man, and accordingly starts in some other business on his own account, or undertakes a new firm in the old line of trade. Where does he end? Often in insolvency, rarely in riches. To this every merchant can testify.

A young man is bred a mechanic. He acquires a distaste for his trade, however; thinks it is a tedious way to get ahead, and sets out for the West or for California. But, in most cases, the same restless, discontented, and speculative spirit, which carried him away at first, renders continuous application at any one place irksome to him; and so he goes wandering about the world, a sort of semi-civilized Arab, really a vagrant in character, and sure to die insolvent. Meantime his fellow apprentice, who had staid at home, practising economy, and working steadily at his trade, has grown comfortable in his circumstances, and is even perhaps a citizen of mark.

There are men of ability, in every walk of life, who are notorious for never getting along. Usually it is because they never stick to any one business. Just when they have mastered one pursuit, and are on the point of making money, they change it for another, which they do not understand; and, in a little while, what little they are worth is lost forever. We know scores of such persons. Go where you will, you will generally find that the men who have failed in life are those who never stuck to one thing long.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A MONSTER BILL.—The post route bill which was signed by the President about ten o'clock on Thursday night required for its enrollment one thousand sheets of parchment, costing \$2001. It is a recapitulation of all the existing post routes, in the United States, to which some six or seven hundred new ones are added.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Elihu Burritt, Esq., sailed from Boston for Liverpool, on the 24 inst., per the Niagara. He was accompanied by one of his nieces, Miss Ann Strickland.

TRUE BEAUTY—A FAIRY TALE.

BY MRS. E. M. GURTHRIE.

"Oh that I was only beautiful!" sighed a plain little maiden, mournfully wiping away a tear. With these words she fell asleep.

As she closed her eyes, there darted in at the open window as lovely a being as ever graced a fairy festival in the charmed realm of Fancy.—Poising herself for a moment upon the half-opened bud of a geranium, which grew fresh and bright beneath her pressure, she rested her eyes thoughtfully upon the shadow of a flowering vine which intercepted the moonlight and threw delicate figures softly upon the carpet.

Here she paused, folding her small hand upon her bosom, to await the more perfect slumber of the maiden; soon however, she advanced to the bedside, and bending over the pillow, she permitted her tresses to brush lightly as the wing of a zephyr the brow of the sleeper, and thus she whispered to her in her dreams.

"Maiden, is it the desire of thy heart to be beautiful? Learn this, oh young inheritor of immortality! that true beauty which fades not when the hair becomes gray and years wax many, develops from within."

"Adorning of the outward form alone will not render thee lovely; nor will bright eyes, sunny locks, and comely features (except as these serve to represent the symmetry of thine inner sanctuary) cause thee to be beloved; but in the high thoughts of a pure soul, which will beam forth from thy fresh young face, thou mayest find the power to attract all hearts irresistibly to thee."

"The dahlia and the poppy are more gay than the rose, yet the rose is the queen of flowers. Her outward proportions may be no more perfect, but her soft petals are laden with grateful odors; from her heart floweth the holy wealth of a sweet nature, and surrounding atmosphere is hallowed by her presence."

"Gentleness and purity are to thee dear maiden, as fragrance is to the rose. Indulge no thought and cherish no emotion but such as are lovely and pure; then loveliness and purity will always dwell as a sacred presence about thee."

"Let me ask, then, beautiful spirit," timidly inquired the maiden, "if this will indeed constitute me very beautiful, so that all who look upon me may love me?"

"Yes, truly," returned the fairy. "This indeed will render thee beautiful, yet remember, maiden, that in thy hours of danger and temptation, purity and loveliness are not easily secured. Oh fail, not to regard them as a prize to be constantly and religiously guarded."

"In thy short sojourn upon earth, thou mayest have beheld a valued but tender plant rooted out by the grosser children of Flora's domain. Had a wise hand but timely removed those intruders from the soil about her roots, sunshine and showers would have surely raised her to the high estate of a joy and blessing to the upper air. But the weeds grew, the young plant died, and the air never knew how rich a treasure was once hidden within her gentle heart."

"Loveliness and purity are within thy spirit, sorrowing one; tender and beautiful flowers which God has planted there that thou mayest cherish for life. Yet if the growth of impure thoughts and ungoverned passions is allowed, they would shut out the light, drink up the dew, and poison the soil; while loveliness and purity would wither, under their deadly shade."

"Be it thy constant care, dear child, to keep clean the garden of thy heart. Leave it ever open to the rays of truth, and let the dews of innocence nightly rest upon it. Then, as the rare plants of virtue unfolded sending abroad their numberless branches to fill the atmosphere of thine inner life with fragrance and joy, thine outward form will gradually rise to the heavenly proportion of thine inner self. The impression of angelic beauty that blossoms within, will grow softly in thy smile, and fall tenderly from the glance of thine eye. Thy brow will become radiant as thy spirit expands, and thy voice melodious as thy heart swells with that love which encircles every creature of God within its embrace."

"Good night, little maiden. Seek thou to be generous and noble, truthful and pure, and thou shalt become indeed very beautiful, even unto the eyes of angels."

The fairy ceased and bending gracefully over the maiden, she parted the hair upon the forehead of the sleeping one; then kissed her with the tenderness of a mother, and fitted back again to the window. Resting once more where the shadows of vines wrought their delicate embroidery upon a ground of moonlight, she clasped her hands together, and upraising her eyes as if invoking a superior power. She remained thus for a moment, but ere long passed away.

As she was departing, a mystic light, soft as the moonbeam, but clear as the morning sun, gathered above the couch whereon the little maiden rested. Beneath its magic influence all traces of tears were effaced, a calm smile came in their stead, and she was baptized with the spirit of joy.

Henceforward her life was a charmed life.—When she awoke upon the morrow, her heart was peaceful and strong, her soul light and free. All about her marked the wonderful change that had come upon the little maiden, though she was half unconscious of it herself, for the day-hours seemed but the continuance of her delightful dream. The quiet humble grace that attended her steps like an angel of light was at the prompting of her fairy benefactor.

Years passed cheerfully on. The spirit enshrined within that young form became exceedingly lovely; from day to day the outward figure yielded to its sweet proportions, and the fairy's prophecy was at length fulfilled.—*The Student.*

A college student, being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relation to the Deity was asked—

"What relation do we most neglect?" He answered with most simplicity, "Poor relations, sir."

The Green Horn and the Poet.

The following incident of a distinguished Philadelphia, teaches a lesson of love and kindness which it will be well for all literary men to copy.

"Once on a time, I went to see Willis Gaylord Clark, then editor of the Philadelphia Gazette. I remember the clothes I wore, and how I arranged them, and brushed them to 'take off' the country, but it would stick to them. That gray lincey-woolsey coat, made capacious to invite growth, with huge pockets outside for chestnuts and apples; the thick woolen mittens, trowsers of the same material, rough inside as a rasp, to promote counter irritation and dilute the blood, made of ample dimensions with tucks, so as to last for Sundays two Winters, and for 'common' indefinitely; a waist coat somewhat short but wide, to compensate with staring brown figures, big and bold, as a compromise with the cravat of the same color; commodious high boots, heavy and hob-nailed, emitting a compound of leather and grease, when near the fire; a wool-hat of aspiring crown and diminutive brim, and a shilling cotton bandanna, to display on occasions of emotion."

"So attired, I went to the city of brotherly love with forty pairs of chickens, six turkeys and two 'possums—the latter harpooned in the hen-roost with a pitch fork and the carcasses, otherwise contraband, to be sold to pay for the deprecations—with this provender to sell on account of my guardian, and a poem in those trowsers pockets to exhibit on my own account. I went. The marketing sold not to the best advantage either, for the poem and Mr. Clark were in my mind.—I called at the office, inquired for the editor, stated that my business was 'personal and private,' and was ushered into the sanctum, amid the smiles of clerks and others."

"Mr. Clark was alone and deeply absorbed; and there I was in the presence of a real live poet.—I slid quietly along to half the nearest chair; holding my wool cap between my knees and the bandanna in my hand, awaiting for him to look up. He did so in a few moments, and the pensive, almost melancholy beauty of his face lit up with a faint smile as he saw the rustic apparition. I was all eyes, for there sat the man who edited 'our paper,' and wrote the verses I had cried over in the barn and cornfield, and tried to imitate, on Sunday mornings when our folks had gone to church. My earnestness, I suppose, interested him. He did not laugh, as I feared, but gently said:

"Did you wish to see me, sir?"

"I said 'Yes.' And I trembled, and my eyes filled in spite of myself. 'I came to ask your advice about some lines I have written.'"

"You write verses do you?" he said pleasantly; and added: "its poor business."

"Not if I could write such as yours," I replied.

"Perhaps you may," said he. "Allow me to see yours. What do you call them?"

"The Home of the Poets," said I, handing the paper.—It was substantial foolscap, well tumbled. "Poets have no home on earth," he said; and the terrible pathos thrilled me like an arrow.

"I have made them home in heaven," I said; "and I have given them a superior place, for I think their exalted nature must reach a higher place in whatever sphere they attain to."

"He looked at me steadily for a moment, and then read the poem of thirty verses twice over, during which I watched his face, so pale, with such deep lines of thought and suffering; a nature so purely emotional forced into a sphere so wholly executive, fitted to dream and glow, but compelled to work and suffer, till my heart went out to him with a bound. Finishing the poem he said:

"My young friend, Nature made you a poet; there's no denying that; and it will puzzle man to unmake you. I'll give you ten dollars for this, and publish it."

"Thank you," said I, as well as I could, "I do not want to publish it." Then he handed me some of his own manuscripts, which I read, and I passed a never to be forgotten hour or two with him. I recur to it always with the greatest pleasure; it was noble in him to so receive a green, gawky boy, and read my crude rhymes. And a thousand times since, when the promise, of life has turned to ashes and the victory seemed not worth the battle, I have recurred to that interview, and resolved to struggle. I left Mr. Clark, threw the rhymes into the desk with hundreds of others, plunged into commerce and reform, graduated through Quakerism to some spiritual faith, but rejected and disbelieved my gift of poetry—scarcely believe it now; but occasionally I look back to Mr. Clark's generous words and then the rhyming impulse carries me out of 'trade and tumult' to the sweet, still places, far inward and upward.—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

Nebraska Territory.

We have received the first number of the Nebraska Paladium, dated July 15th, published at Bellevue City, which we are informed is situated on the Missouri River, about eight miles above the mouth of the Nebraska. The editors say: "Within the last month a large city on a grand scale has been laid out, with a view to the location of the capital of Nebraska, at this point, and with a view to make it the center of commerce, and the half-way house between the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean."

In this paper we find the following notice of the first white child born in the Territory since the passage of the bill:

"The Hon. J. F. Kinney, the Chief Justice of Utah, has given the name of Bill Nebraska to his son, born at Dr. Clark's hotel, at Nebraska Center, June 10th, 1854. The Hon. Judge, mother and son left on the 5th day after the birth for his official station in Utah."

The 4th day of July was celebrated with the usual speeches resolutions and toasts. Among other things, it was resolved that Bellevue was the most central and eligible place for the location of the Territorial capital.—*Cin. Com.*

The Washington National Monument has now attained a height of 158 feet.

What is Demanded of Russia.

A well posted correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Constantinople, under date of June 25th, gives a review of the progress of the Oriental difficulties, from the date of their inception to the present time, and asserts that the allied powers will insist upon the following as conditions of peace:

"The abrogation of all ancient treaties between Russia and Turkey."

"The entire freedom of Moldavia, Wallachia and Servia, from the Russian protectorate."

"The future freedom of the navigation of the Danube, and the withdrawal of Russia from that part of Bessarabia bordering on it."

"The future freedom of the navigation of the Black Sea, to vessels of war and commerce of all nations."

"The re-annexation of the Crimea to Turkey, and the entire freedom of Circassia, with all the Caucasian countries."

"And, in case Sweden joins the allies, the re-annexation of Finland to her."

We imagine that, if peace be not declared until Russia accedes to these conditions, hostilities will be of rather long duration. The Czar will never so abuse himself as to yield compliance to such humiliating demands.

The Tide of Emigration.

During the month of June last, fifty-one emigrant ships took their departure from Liverpool having on board 21,767 passengers. Of these, thirty-two ships were bound for the United States, having on board 13,866 passengers, composed of 2,124 English, 318 Scotch, and 9,042 Irish, and the remainder, 3,381, natives of other countries, chiefly Germans; six ships for Canada with 3,233 emigrants; one for New Brunswick, with 265 passengers on board; and twelve for the Australian colonies, of an aggregate tonnage of 13,022 tons, and with 4,734 adult passengers on board, of whom 3,007 were English, 1,699 Scotch, 562 Irish, and the remainder, 466, natives of other countries. The total emigration from Liverpool for all foreign ports during the quarter ending June 30 was 84,230, as compared with 74,641 in the corresponding quarter of last year, showing an increase in the number of emigrants of 9,589. This is the largest number of emigrants who have sailed from that port during any quarter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The New Wheat Crop.

Saturday a small lot of new crop wheat—seventy-eight sacks—was received from the Illinois river, being the first arrival from that quarter, and sold at \$1.10 per bushel. The present week several shipments may be expected from the same vicinity, as well as from other points. A merchant at St. Charles writes to a miller of this city that he has purchased about one thousand bushels of the best Zimmerman at \$1 per bushel, and that during this week the first receipts from that place may be expected. The crop he says was never better, and all the grain he has seen looks remarkably well. Farmers generally are disposed to sell early if they can get \$1 per bushel.—*[St. Louis Intell., July 10.]*

THE END OF THE POOR.—The prevalence of the epidemic in Philadelphia, according to the Bulletin of that city, has induced the grave diggers employed in the cemeteries, for which a portion of the soil is set apart as a "strangers' ground," to adopt the plan of keeping ready-made graves for sale. Each morning there is dug a grave twelve feet in depth. The coffin of the first applicant for admission is placed at the bottom of the pit, and covered with a thin layer of earth. The next coffin is placed on top of the first, with a little more earth, and so on until there are five tenants in the grave, the topmost one being five feet below the surface of the ground. The earth is then thrown in, an oblong mound is all that is left to tell the spot where the poor, crowded tenants of the "Stranger's Ground" repose.

THE OCEAN.—The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All grave yards in all other lands show symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in the ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant are all alike undistinguished. The waves roll over all—the same requiem song by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and unhonored, will sleep on, until awakened by the same trump when the sea will give up its dead.

GEMS.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

Many a shaft sent at random finds a mark the archer little meant.

A little snow, tumbled about, anon, becomes a mountain.

By medicine, life may be prolonged, yet death will seize the doctor too.

Virtue is not the less venerable for being out of fashion.

There is in this life no blessing like affection—it soothes, it hallows, alleviates, subdues.

The greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it. Skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.—*Epicurus.*

Men will have the same veneration for a person who suffers adversity without dejection, as they will for demolished temples, the very ruins of which, are revered and adored.

Those passionate persons, who carry their heart in their mouth are rather to be pitied than feared; their threatenings serving no other purpose than to forearm him that is threatened.